## Aunt Dorothy's Letter

Dear Children:

puzzles

Many of your letters ask us questions that could be answered just as well if you would look back over your file of Saturday Stars. Has it occurred to you to keep such Your editor has one, to which she refers for every answer when you ask about things you have evidently forgotten. Will you not try to remember this in future and watch this letter weekly, letting nothing interfere with your getting and holding a complete set of these letters? if we keep referring to the same printed sheets for answers to our questions we will all keep on the right track and pull to-Some of my correspondents write that they occasionally miss getting The Star, as they live in the country. I would suggest that they write at once to The Star office when they miss a page, and, inclosing stamps, ask that a copy be forwarded. The missed page might just happen to be the connecting link in important work, now that so many circles are being organized and all are working together so harmoniously, helping each other as well as helping others. You can hardly know how much pleasure you are giving your Aunt Dorothy by your unselfish work. We have received hundreds of letters and cannot answer all. Remember that the roll of honor is a sort of thank you for your efforts when they do not quite come up to our requirements for prizes or for honor badges. Remember also that honor badges are given for league work, not for page contributions. The following names are those who have sent in pretty stories and letters, also correct answers to all of the

J. Adolph Rollings, original puzzles; Ruth Turner, a creditable drawing, James Fos-ter, answer to puzzles and interesting letter, who may address Mrs. Hogan if he pleases; Daniel Kline, whose story is very interesting; Sewell W. Hodge, original puzzles, which we will try to use later. May Etheridge, a well-written letter; Ethel Harris, whose pretty little story we will use; Leonard Cecil, a credit-able drawing; Elsie Lord, who to gain a prize must send correct answers to all the puzzles and not forget that the prize winner is the one who sends in the neatest as well as a correct answer to all the puzzles.

The following children sent correct anto puzzles: Grace Hazard, Ralph augh, Alfred Marshall, Elizabeth

Interesting stories have been received

Vogt. Aimee Newman.

Letters, puzzles, answers, etc., have been received, and are hereby acknowledged with thanks, from Roger D. Wharton, Eleanor Valentine May, Susanne Yerby and circle, whose letter we print for your enjoyment and suggestion. Send \$9 of the amount to the Sunshine Home, Darien, Conn., to Mrs. J. Wood, and Mrs. Hogan will send four children from the East Side slums of New York city to this lovely country home, as this amount will pay their board for a week. These children will write to your circle and thank you personally for the pleasure you are giving them. For the other dollar we would suggest that you begin buying books for circle library, as suggested by Urban Ro-sen, and on another part of this page you will find the list from which you are to se-Mrs. Hogan prepares this list for the

league centers in various places. Dolores Burns sent 5 cents to the Star Circle, which has been forwarded to Pearl Philpitt to help buy the chair for the little crippled girl. Please remember, Dolores, hereafter, to hold your pennies until you find a place for them as given on this page, and where you may send them direct. Mrs. Hogan does not want to receive the She wants you to do it all your-

This is the letter from the secretary of the "Faithful Friends" Circle: 1417 Q Street Northwest. Washington, D. C., July 15, 1963.

Dear Aunt Dorothy:

I received the \$2 which you sent back to me, and I have given it to papa to keep me, and I have given it to pipe to the first as you are doing, and you may know you for our league. I was very glad you were are pleasing Aunt Dorothy, who intends to pleased with it, but think you will be more are pleasing Aunt Dorothy, who intends to pleased with it, but think you will be more write to you personally when she can.] pleased when I tell you we had a lawn party at the house of Marie Parks, our treasurer, which proved, we all think, a perfect success. We sold cake, candy, lemonade and snow balls. Our mothers, of over the large yard, and which when lighted looked very pretty. The admission was 10 cents for grown people and 5 for children and then they were entitled to a plate of ice cream. How much do you think we made? Remember, it was only one night, Thursday, July 9, and only two hours, from 7 to 9 p.m. I know you could never guess, so I will tell you-48.50. Only we three girls Marie P. Katherine C. and myself-sold the tickets, but Edna L., a little girl who wants to join our league, and whose coupon I will soon send, assisted us in selling the lemonade. After we had all sold out, which was quite soon, we had a

donkey game. The prize, a box of candy, was won by a friend of my brother's, a little boy by the name of Andrew Lemont Stamet. We have now \$10.50 in all, which we will be glad for you to use for what-ever purpose you think best, and which we will send you as soon as you notify us you would like to have it. Hoping you are pleased with our contribution, we are, Yours truly THE FAITHFUL FRIENDS. Per Susanne Y. This letter, dear children, should give you

some idea how some of your members are enjoying the work of helping others. We hope each week to be able to give you as complete and satisfactory a report from one of our bands. Do not forget that we want you all to enter our August competition, and that you should write to us regularly, care of The Star, about any matter in which we all are interested. READ THIS CAREFULLY.

want to open a competition for August that will please you all; so let us take a vote on it. Send in your coupon answers and letters by August 5 if you can, so we may print the conditions on August 8. Twenty prizes will be given—ten to boys and ten to girls.

	August Competition.
	COUPON ANSWER.
What	kind of contest do you want?
	(See my letter attached.)
Name	
Age	
Addr	88

paper only, tell me what kind of a contest you want, fill out above coupon, pin the two together and send in to. Yours cordially, DOROTHY DAY.

STAR CIRCLES AT WORK. (Monthly reports to be made.) Individual workers may join any circle by writing to the president and enrolling name as member of that circle.

Circle 1. Helping Hand Circle-President, Elsie Yost, 1002 Pa. ave. s.e.. Washington, D. C. The special work of this circle is to receive the stamps contributed for subscriptions of The Star children's page for those who cannot take it. Address all such contributions to Miss Yost. First subscription sent to Miss Pasquela

Anderson, Toreva, Ariz. (for the Indian children). Second subscription sent to Miss Foulke, Quakertown, Pa., for the library for farmers' children. The third subscription is to be sent to some settlement children in New York, in care of Miss Williams, head worker, 95 Rivington street,

for help for the Sunshine Society at head-

quarters.
Mrs. Alden, president general of the Sunshine Society, 96 5th avenue, New York, is receiving 500 letters a day, many from Remember, it is a kind of bookkeeping, and children, and all requaring answers. Stenage makes a heavy drain on the slender Sunshine treasury. Will you not all de-vote some of your efforts to sending stamps to Mrs. Alden for helping along the babies' ice fund, the summer home at Darlen, Conn., and other good work that is being carried on by this society, and you do it in the name of The Star children. In this way we can keep our pledge to help when our presi-dent issues a call, and she has sent us word to send out this call. Report to Aunt Dorothy whatever you do, so it may appear the next week in these columns.
Yours truly, HORTENSE McKEE,

> PRIZE WINNERS FOR JULY. List open to August 1. Prizes to be sent August 5. Contributions to be used at our convenience.

Ruth Zeigler, Susanne Yerby, Beulah Smallwood, Louise Burke, Ethel Lewis, E. V. Brown (please supply address), Frances Todhunter, Blanche Hannan, L. M. Bur gee (please supply address). Martina Por-



corner of our house. About a week ago my grandmother found a little bird which had fallen from the nest. So she put it on a hour in the evening the cadets seem always window sill near the nest for the mother to be going toward the city and never Stambaugh. Affred Marshall, Edizabeth window sill near the nest for the mother Monroe, Josephine T. Kelly, Mathilda S. window sill near the nest for the mother bird to get, but she did not get it, so it fell down again, and my brother saw it Mothers went by, pushing their little and brought it in the house, looked at it ones in go-carts or leading them by the

[We are always glad to hear from you, but cannot always publish promptly the stories we receive. I am afraid you do not often think of the big number of memdistance. Dolores Burns. Miss McKee is writing personally to thank S. Y. and her to us and sending in your efforts, but please do not be disappointed when your stories do not appear immediately after you have written - Ed 1

Dear Aunt Dorothy:

It is almost a month since I wrote to you, and I want to thank you for my duplicate honor badge which I received. I now have two and hope soon to receive another. I have sent a few colored pencils to the lit-tle Indian children at Toreva, Ariz., and hope to see some of their drawings in The Star soon. I am now sending you a nickel to help send them The Saturday Evening Star, which I am sure they will enjoy very much. Please do not discontinue your let-ters. Aunt Dorothy, for I do not believe I should enjoy our page half as much if you did. I enjoyed what you told us about Mother Goose last Saturday very much and would like to learn something of her. I also send you a true story of my cat Beauty, which bears the signature of my father to show it is all my own. I would like to see it published soon and hope I may be fortunate enough to win a prize. S. Y. We do not intend to discontinue the letters, my dear, and are glad you like them. Thank you very much in the name of the Indian children for your kind thought of them. Your second letter deserves a longer answer and will be taken up when we have a little more time. Keep on just

Dear Aunt Dorothy: In last Saturday's Star there were some designs drawn by the scholars of Carlisle course, furnished the things, or we could never have made so much. We children of our schools try and do as well. In answer to your request I submit the in-In answer to your request I submit the in-closed design for your inspection. Hoping to hear from you, I am, yours truly

> [It is very good and wins a prize for August 1.]

RUTH I. Z.

Fulton, Md. Dear Aunt Dorothy: It has been three weeks since I sent in a contribution. I have been in Washington on a visit and enjoyed my trip so much. on a visit and enjoyed my trip so much. Whenever I passed The Star building I thought of "Aunt Dorothy." I was so pleased to see my little poem, entitled "Sunshine," in The Star, and also glad to see my name on the roll of honor. I inclose some puzzles. I take a great interest in the Children's Page. Yours sincerely, BEULAH P. S.

[We are very glad you do, and always welcome your letters and contributions. Mrs. Hogan has added your name to her personal list of correspondents and you may expect to hear from her soon.]

Dear Aunt Dorothy:
As this is my first attempt to write I shall tell you how I enjoy the Children's Page. I think it is just the nicest thing ever gotten up for children. The stories, letters and puzzles are delightful to read and solve. I will place three simple puz-zles First When is two 1's more than 2? Second. Subtract eleven from twenty and

I remain yours truly, INISEN B. [Can any of you answer these puzzles?] We thank Inisen for her contributions.



THE FOX'S STORY.

Many people who have seen a fox in the Capitol grounds this summer will be inter-

ested in the following autobiography: When I was a tiny little fellow, not much more than a ball of fur. I rolled out of the crevice in the over-hanging cliff where our home was, and must have fallen into the road below-the very thing my mother had often warned me I would do, if I were not careful. I was stunned by my fall from so great a height, and when I came to myself a young man was stroking me and telling me not to be afraid, for he would take

At first I was very much frightened, but the people at the house where the young man was spending his vacation were very kind to me, and gave me milk to drink, and as I grew older, nice things to eat, so I began to feel very much at home with them, and especially with my master. He must have become fond of me, too, for when he went back to Washington he said the was going to take me with him. The New York city.

A call from our president on all circles trated, and said it would be much better to leave me behind in the country, my master persisted in his purpose, so

I like to stay in Washington very much except on very hot days. Then I think of the country and of the cool shade of the mountains, and especially of a brook that runs along the road below our cliff, and I wonder if my mother and brothers and sisters are wading in it and keeping

me, or whether they have forgotten all about the little ball of fur that fell out of the hole in the rock.

The other night my master and a friend of his took me out on the Capitol terrace to get cool. It is wonderful to see how many people go out there on warm nights for the same purpose. I heard a lady say to a gentleman who was with her: "I imagine very few of the winter inhabitants of Washington, who migrate with the birds at the first approach of spring, realize what a rendezvous the Capitol terrace becomes on warm summer nights to those of us who are left behind. If there is a breeze anywhere, it is to be found on some side the Capitol." My master and his friend sat down on

the step; and everybody stared at me as they went by. I did not think it very good manners. A lady and her husband sat down on the steps not so very far from us. I am sure they had been married quite awhile, and were not young lovers. r even a bride and groom on their wed ding journey, for she had a book in her hand and her husband a cigar, and they looked altogether too comfortable and contented for any but a long-married contented for any but a long-married couple. The lady looked over and spied me, and I heard her say to her husband, "What a funny looking little dog!" Dog. thought I. Later, "Why that little dog looks like a fox!" and then coming closer. I wrote to you last week and told you a story about a little kitten that died, and was glad to see my name on the roll of honor. I am going to tell you this week about a little bird that died, and hope this story will be published.

Some time ago a bird built his nest in the corner of our bours. Why, it really is a fox!" I did not see went by, eight or ten of them, erect, sol-dierly and keeping step in true military style. I heard some one say: "At this coming back.

Interesting stories have been recaived from Daniel Kline, Inez Jenkins, Roger Hollingsworth, Urban Rosen, Elizabeth B. Gariand, Helen Maddox, Jamie Foster, Willie Daly, Blanche Prescott.

Prizes will be awarded the first of every month and sent out on the 5th.

BLANCHE H.

Ones in go-carts or leading them by the gards of girls passed, and trunk? There was not long, however, to hand. Whole series of girls passed, and trunk? There was not long, however, to hand. Whole series of girls passed, and trunk? There was not long, however, to hand. Whole series of girls passed, and trunk? There was not long, however, to hand. Whole series of girls passed, and trunk? There was not long, however, to hand. Whole series of girls passed, and the wrong a second time trunk? There was not long, however, to hand. Whole series of girls passed, and the wrong a second time trunk? There was not long, however, to hand. Whole series of girls passed, and trunk? There was not long, however, to hand. Whole series of girls passed, and trunk? There was not long, however, to hand. Whole series of girls passed, and trunk? There was not long, however, to hand. Whole series of girls passed, and trunk? There was not long, however, to and found its side was bruised. We put it them groups of boys. The girls reading his newspaper, a shower of music behind them groups of boys. The girls reading his newspaper, a shower of music behind them groups of boys and trunk? There was not long, however, to and found its side was bruised. We put it the work of the was contained in the wrong a second time trunk? There was not long, however, to and found its side was bruised. We put it then dishered the first of every was on his newspaper, a shower of music behind them groups of boys. The girls reading his newspaper, a shower of music behind them groups of boys. The girls reading his newspaper, as shower of music behind them groups of boys and trunk? There was not long, however, to an anties to a man who had reputation.

The contained has a start of the provided t wouldn't dance with one of them. "When I went down to Marshal Hall--"

It is much too dark to read now, and the lady who brought the book has closed it. The stars are coming out, one by one, and hear her say softly to her husband; 'And one bright star from out the west Calls me away from work to rest."

And he replies: one by one in the infinite meadows of heaven, Blossoms the lonely stars, the forget-menots of the angels." Soon all the daylight has faded and the whole heaven is bright with stars. place to study astronomy," says my master

But I am growing tired and sleepy, and I think my master realizes it, for he un-fastens the chain from my collar, takes me in his arms and carries me home. I have heard of some other little foxes who live quite near here in a place called the Zoo. I hope my kind master will take me to visit them some day. Don't you?



MY TRIP TO THE SEASHORE. Some years ago I went to the seashore. It being the first time that I had ever seen the ocean I enjoyed looking at the big waves and watching the bathers. I was not more than five years old, and when they wanted me to go out in the surf I was afraid and would not go out far enough for the water to reach my knees. But there were good times on the boardwalk and piers, also was what I liked best of all, for I had a ride on it every day and some days three rides. Then there were two mirrors on one of the piers that when you looked in them they made you seem very, very fat. I went on the "scenic railroad," and as it was the first time, I was very much afraid, for it went so fast and I had to hold on so tight. Then there was the dear little ponies, on which I had a ride along the beach. I also went to the top of the lighthouse, which had winding stairs and if you looked down you would become dizzy, because it was such a height. On the "new steel pier" they had a little train of cars that went by steam up and down the pier on dear little tracks. I went on it and enjoyed it very much. I saw colored people dancing the "cake walk," and lots of other things of interest. We went way up the beach and gathered lots of curious shells. One very exciting thing happened to me. It was early in the morning and we were on the beach. have for a remainder ninety-nine. Make I, seeing an empty box on the shore near the water, stepped in it, and just then a big wave came and carried it a little ways out, My, I was scared and just got out in time before another wave came in. I was afraid to go out far in the water and when my uncle tried to teach me to swim, I did not want to stay so far out, so started to run for the beach not thinking of the waves coming behind me and quite a large one came and knocked me down, then I had a good ducking.

ELEANOR F. F., Age 11.

THE FOURTH I, like most other boys and girls, was anxious for the Fourth to come and was glad that Saturday dawned clear. I was made a present of a box of fireworks and wanted to set them off, so I got up early and set off some firecrackers and torpedoes before breakfast. During the day some little friends came in and we had quite a lot of fun, tieing a number of crackers together and fastening them to the wash line and others we put off in tin cans. We managed to put off nearly all our firecrackers before the rain came, which I thought would prevent our celebration in the even-ing, while it was raining we threw some cracters out of the window, I thought they would splutter and go out, but to my sur-Write your letters on one side of the Drawn by W. S. Donnelley, age 13 years, prise they blazed up and went off louder

than ever. I was certainly glad to see it clear up and when quite dark my uncle set off the fireworks on the front pavement, which was quite dry, as the trees protected it from the rain. My fireworks were mostly noiseless ones, such as fountains, different lights, flower pots, showers of stars and others. They were beautiful and every one went off so nicely. As a final salute we put off some firecrackers, they were noisy, but looked pretty popping up and down in the street. Afterward we watched the fireworks put off near us and they were lovely. Up in the sky there were some tiny balloons than ever. I was certainly glad to see it Up in the sky there were some tiny balloons that looked like moving stars and the skyrockets and Roman candles went higher than ever. It was a lovely Fourth and I was sorry when bed time came.

THE FIRECRACKER. My brothers and sisters and me— In a wrapper of paper, red, Snug as though we were in a bed.

To the store a little girl came:
"I want some freerackers, all the same;
Small, red enes, you know," said she.
So down from the shelf came we.

'Twas early next morn the little girl came To whom my relatives' deaths were to blame. She lit a match and put us a blaze, And, with a bang, they jumped a long ways.

Of all the family I'm only left now,
And it is a sad, lonely life, I vow,
My beautiful, long queue was burnt away
On that dreadful Independence day.

FOURTH OF JULY IS HERE AGAIN. Fourth of July is here again, And children, women and men Should very, very thankful be That we're a people brave and free

We do not bow down to a king or queen; No one person reigns supreme. We love our Pres'dent, as a gen'ral thing, Just as subjects love their king.

This is a rich and prosperous land, Bound together by Freedom's band, And very proud of it we should be— Citizens of this nation so free.

The Story of a Bird.

Near the seaside home of a city gentleman stands a moldering post, on the top of which a poor old lamp used to sit. No one cared for the lamp, and so at last it rusted away and got destroyed. The gentleman had never liked its looks, nor, indeed, the looks of the old post until last summer, when it came to be the place where a little song sparrow used to perch and sing. At first the gentleman scarcely noticed the bird itself, but only enjoyed the gay music, till after awhile he found it was the same pretty creature that did all the singing, and that it sat on the old post and poured out its notes as if there were no other good place to sing in the world. That made the post seem of some account and not such an ugly neighbor after all. To be gladdened several times a day by such music made the gentleman feel that he owed something in return. He, therefore, scattered seeds near the post, and thus had the satisfaction, as it were, of paying the musician's board. Even that and fastened it on top of the post, where the old lamp used to sit. The song sparrow seemed to know the house was meant for him, for on the very next day he moved

into it with his family, and gave a grand concert on the roof for a house warming. When the summer came to an end, the gentleman and the sparrow, each with his family, had to go to their winter homes. The former at least was sorry to do so, lest his tiny neighbor should choose next year to summer elsewhere. Throughout the winter he never forgot them and when his little daughter's canary would sing he used to wonder whether the little song sparrow was caroling anywhere, and whether they would find him again by the seaside. May returned, and then June.

closed. It was time for city folks, if they could, to go out of town. The cottage near the ocean opened its windows, and the gentleman once more placed his arm chair in the shade of the porch. He often looked at the old post, and thought what an ugly thing it was, even with a bird house on top, without the song sparrow to beautify it. It the sparrow never came back, what should he do with the case of bird seed in his

Days came and went, as they had done the year before. I must tell you what happened one afternoon when the song spar-row was away from home. One of his third cousins, an English sparrow, who is not at all popular, came to see him, and, finding the family away, he made himself so much at home as to eat all the seeds he could find and then to perch upon the roof of the house. That was about the same as getting into the song sparrow's bed. The gentle-man saw it all, and knew that the visitor meant not only to stay, but to drive out the real owner. He wondered what could be done; but while he was wondering some-thing shot past the porch; there was an awful bump, and the English sparrow whirled over and over in the air, and lighted a long way off, with only half his tail left. The song sparrow, on coming home. had seen what must be done, and he did it so well that it never had to be done again. Then he jumped upon the housetop himself and made everything ring with a song.

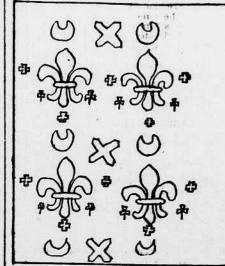
At last came the day when the gentleman was obliged once more to close his cottage and return to town. The song sparrow watched the moving as if he knew another season had ended. "Good-bye," said the children, and went to the station; but while waiting for the train they heard the sparrow sing, they couldn't tell where. there he was across the road on a pine tree, shaking himself and singing like mad. It shaking nimself and singing like mad. At didn't sound as if he were sorry, the song was so gay. But he had come to see the family off, and in his best fashion was an disappointment. wishing them happiness. Looking back from the train, the gentleman and his family saw the little bird still on the tree, war-bling with all his might. Do you wonder that they felt sorry at the parting? That was last summer. This year let us trust that it will find the little songster for the

An Improved Lunch Box. compartment at one end into which a zinc a cross partition of wood up closely to it. leaving the remainder of the box for the eatables. In the tank are to be placed the about them being filled with cracked ice.
Across the remaining space, fit a slat shelf to rest upon side cleats. The lighter and the front door banged. Mrs. Mason had left the room and the boys had just come back. placed on the shelf or tray, where they will not be crushed or jammed.

The Old Sand Man. Written for The Evening Star by Margaret Kirby

At night, when boys and girls are tired,
The man they know as the Old Sand Man
Comes down from his home in Sleepyville,
And takes each boy and girl by the hand
And leads them up steep Banfater Hill,
Right into the town of Sleepyville.

And here they rest and dream of the time And here they rest and dream of the time. That they'll chase one another down Banister I And skip and frolic the whole day through. Then the man they know as the Old Sand Man Will take each boy and girl by the hand, And lead them up steep Banister Hill, Right into the town of Sleepyville.



Drawn by Urban Rosen.

Or, How Carroll "Got Even."

BY ELLA MARY COATES.

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CHAPTER VIII. "Now, children, stop your nonsense, and

tell me where you got this," said Mrs.

Mason gravely, after a pause. Carroll pulled himself together and got upon his feet. He knew that his mother would probably not approve of what they had done. That was why nothing had been said to her before on the subject. People are so apt to look at things in such a different light from that in which small boys see them. Nevertheless, now that an investigation was inevitable, Carroll was not the boy to evade it. He told the story as well as he could. It did not sound as funny as it had seemed when it happened. Mrs. Mason looked very grave. She listened in silence to the end.

"I am very much ashamed that my boys should have done an unkind thing like that," she said, when Carroll had finished. 'Very much ashamed and astonished," she went on. "Dave Rivers is a poor old man, and you might have frightened him very badly."

"Well, mother, he was real mean to us, and called us names when we said we were sorry for throwing walnuts at him when we hadn't thrown them," exclaimed Bob. "And it didn't frighten him a bit, because he yelled at us like everything," added Peggy. "I know I was scared myself." "Aunt Elizabeth, I'm very sorry I did anything you disapprove of." spoke up Billy manfully. "I 'spose I didn't think.

wig." said Peggy earnestly. "We were just going to make him a little mad, and. then take it back to him." "But, my dear," replied Mrs. Mason with a slight smile as she drew the active little body close to her side and looked down

"Anyway, we weren't going to keep the

into the clear gray eyes, "why should you want to make Dave angry at all?" "Why, Aunt Elizabeth, 'cause he was

nasty to Carroll and Bob." "But don't you know that you should return good for evil? And even if Dave had eemed a little rough, that was no reason why you should behave like a lot of ignorant children who do not know any better. I dare say you were only thinking of your play, and did not take into consideration what it would seem like to other people. So I will overlook your going out at that time of night when I had told you to stay up in the nursery, but this wig is a different was not enough, so he made a toy house matter, and must be returned at once, and, Carroll, you must be a little more thoughtful in the future.

"All right, mother, I'll try to," replied Carroll, cheerfully. "But it's awfully hard to stop and think when you want to do something. I'm sorry about Dave's wig. read. But even that did not keep his atand I'll take it right back to him." "No, Carroll; I took it, and I'll take it back," interrupted Billy.
"Certainiy you won't," answered Carroll, positively. "It's my place to. Anyway, he don't know who you are."

positively. "It's my place don't know who you are." "That's all the better; it won't get you nto a scrape.

"Let's all go," suggested Peggy, who rather liked dramatic situations and was wild to see what old Dave looked like without his wig. Although Mrs. Mason had been seriously

out out at this new proof of the ingenuity of her sons in getting into mischief, they all ook it so sweetly and cheerfully that she really had not the heart to inflict any further punishment upon them than that involved in the coming interview with Dave Rivers. She knew that to a boy of Carroll's sensitive nature it would be no easy matter to own himself in the wrong a second time the dishes together and proceeded back to

had been great sport. And even the result of Peggy's unlucky speech did not affect them much. Their spirits were naturally so buoyant that it would take a great deal to seriously depress them for any length of time. Billy was pretty silent for a little while; for, as he had taken the wig, he felt himself the chief wrong-doer, and be-sides, he was trying to concoct a suitable speech to make to Dave when they went to restore him his misappropriated property. Peggy and Bob forgot all about the matter in the interest of putting out the fire and trying to make the ground-hackees eat the remains of the feast. But Carroll, although he saw the justice of his mother's remarks and had to acknowledge themselves in the wrong, still cherished a feeling of resent-ment against Dave. He was perfectly willing to make amends for his conduct in any way that a gentleman could, even though it was hard to do, but he would not go back to the state of friendly intercourse that had existed between them before their disagreenent about the walnuts.

"I apologized, and he wouldn't listen." said Carroll to himself, "and I won't speak to him again.' It was 5 o'clock by the time they got back to the house, and already beginning to grow dark, but as Dave's home was only a short distance away, Mrs. Mason thought they would better take the wig back at once.

"Peggy, dear, I do not think it is necessary for you to go," she said, as Peggy was

"I think the three boys will be quite enough to explain to Dave about his wig, and I do not think it is a very good plan for little girls to be out of doors after dark. Come into the library with me and we'll wait for them to come back. I do not like that it will find the little songster for the to disappoint you, dear, but you know I third time living in the toy house on top of the old post.

Watt for them to come back. I do not like to disappoint you, dear, but you know I have to take especially good care of you, because your own mother is not here to look after you herself." "But, Aunt Elizabeth," began Peggy, in

An Improved Lunch Box.

Here is something that is easily made by a boy, and that will be of service to the looked out. It seemed hard that after all whole family, especially if the family be she should not see Dave without his wig, of the picnic-going sort. This box has a at home that he had been all the shear that after all and she was inclined to resent being kept at home just because she was a girl. But being out in the air all day had made her or galvanized iron "tank" is set. This little rectangular "tank" can be made by any tinsmith just to fit the end of the box. Fit she curied herself up on the window-seat with the cushions comfortably tucked all around her, and in a few minutes she had wandered off to dreamland, although she firmly believed that she was watching out of the window for the boys' return from

What did he say?" she demanded at

"Come on up to the nursery and we'll tell you all about it," answered Carroll, leading the way, and going up stairs two steps at When they were safely settled upon the

nursery sofa, which was the kind that can be flattened out and used for a bed, and so held them all. Carroll began. "We went down there, and we knocked and knocked and knocked, and nobody answered a word, so we decided he wasn't at "He might have been asleep, as he was the other night," suggested Bob from the

corner of the sofa.
"Or maybe he was dead!" said Peggy in an awed tone. Carroll laughed. "Nonsense! He was down in the village. I guess, or somewheres. Anyway, we couldn't wait there all night for him, so Billy suggested that we write a letter on the outside of the paper that we wrapped his old wig in, and

then poke it in a window."
"Did you?" asked Peggy with interest.
"Yes," answered Billy with an important es," answered Billy with an important
"I had a pencil in my pocket and we wrote him a note-"What did you say?"
"Oh, Billy wrote a corking letter," exclaimed Bob, admiringly. "You ought to

Billy looked pleased and straightened him-Billy looked pleased and straightened himself up in a dignified manner.
"Yes, it was all right," agreed Carroll.
"And if it doesn't make old Dave puzzle his wits, I'm much mistaken!"
"Oh, do tell me what you said!" cried Peggy, quivering with excitement.
"Well," said Billy, slowly, "it began, The great tribe of Sloux Indians wish to return to Mr. David Rivers, esq., an article which they believe belongs to the beforesaid Mr.

scaring you the other night,' and then we all signed our names at the bottom. "Your real names?"

"No. certainly not. I put down Red Dog and Carroll put down Black Hawk—" "And I wrote yours for you, Peggy," cried 'cause you weren't there and it wasn't fair to leave you out."

'I think that was a beautiful idea. How did you know what to say, Billy?"
"Trust Bill to know all about speech-making," said Carroll, slapping Billy on the back and beaming upon him with great camplacence.

"Then what did you do?" asked Peggy eager for further particulars. I climbed up on the roof and put it inside the window. It was all dark, and I couldn't see where I put it, but I guess I struck a table or chair or something. Anyway, I left it there.' 'Weren't you scared?"

o scare a fellow? "Isn't it time for dinner?" asked Bob. I'm getting awfully hungry." "I wonder what old Dave will say when he reads that letter?" laughed Carroll, as they made a raid on the bath room to wash hands and faces.

Mrs. Mason asked them at dinner K they had taken the wig back to Dave, and they said "yes," but did not go into details until afterward, when they were all gathered around the library fire-Mr. Mason in his big armchair and the tribe of Indians sprawling on the rug at his feet. Then Carroll told all about it.

'We did all we could, didn't we, father? he asked, when the story was done. "I imagine it will be all right," replied Mr. Mason, looking much amused. see here, boys, you must be more careful about the way you treat Dave. Remember that he is an old man." "Oh, yes, Uncle John, we remember that

all right; but he called Carroll and Bob names, and I don't think it hurt him one little bit to have his wig stolen and to be frightened. It'll teach him a lesson." But do you think you are the one to teach him that lesson, you little rowdy, you?" asked Uncle John, pinching Peggy's ear mischievously.

Mrs. Mason sighed and smiled at the same time. The children were certainly hard to manage, but one could not help being amused at what they did, nor admiring the brave way in which they owned up to their naughtiness. She sent them up to bed a little earlier than usual, which they did not mind in the least, as they were tired, and said as she kissed each darkbrown face:

"Try not to get into any more mischief,

children. But whatever you do, do not be afraid to confess it.' When Bob opened his eyes the next morn ing he ejaculated "Oh, dear!" in such a very dismal tone of voice that he woke up Carroll. It was raining hard outside. The great drops were pelting against the win-

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Bob again, getting out of bed very slowly. Carroll took one look at the state of the weather, gave a disgusted grunt and turned over and went to sleep again.

dows and the sky was one mass of leaden

Consequently he was late to breakfast. The other children were all through when he finally appeared in the dining room. No one else was there and Carroll ate his oatmeal and bread and butter in solitary state. He wondered where the other children were, but he did not want to take the trouble to hunt them up. He wandered into the library and found an exciting book to tention long. He wanted to be out of doors. down in the woods, and he thought it was too bad that it should rain and spoll all their fun. Before they had gone to bed the night before he had sat a long time on the edge of Billy's bed, with Billy's comfortable wrapped tightly around him, and they had planned to make some improvements upon the wigwam, and perhaps to build another one. And now it must rain, and of course they couldn't go out. There did not even seem to be a chance of its clearing off all day, and the prospect looked very gloomy. Carroll gazed impatiently out at the fall-ing raindrops. What could they do in the house? Indians lived out of doors. then a faint sound of laughter floated to his ears from somewhere. He got up lazily, wondering what any one could find to laugh at on such a dismal day. lowed the sound upstairs and into the nursery.

with three good-sized windows and an open fireplace in which just now was burning the most delightfully cheerful wood fire, with the fender well around it to keep the sparks from flying into the room. There were red curtains at the windows, and altogether the room presented a very cheerful appearance. But what attracted Carroll's eves at once were some odd-looking structures made of all the nursery furniture piled in heaps and covered with tablecloths old curtains and comfortables from the bed rooms.

As soon as Carroll appeared in the doorway he was hailed with shouts of joy by the other three Indians, who were busily engaged in trying to stretch one end of the nursery tablecloth over the turned-upsidedown rocking chair.

"Come along, Carroll! We're playing this is an Indian village. These are the huts," cried Bob. "Are'nt they fine? asked Peggy, poking a flushed face out from underneath the tablecloth.

"Did mother say you could have those things?" asked Carroll, still teeling a little inclined to grumble. "Yes, Aunt Elizabeth said we might use them if we were careful," replied Billy. "There, Peggy, hold that tight now, while get a pin to pin this place together. Carroll became interested in spite of himself, and joined the others in the construction of the huts. After a while he sug-gested that they could have sports the way

had read. "We can pretend we aren't chiefs, just for a little while," he said.
"Well, then, we'll have to tear down all our huts," remonstrated Billy. "We can just push 'em up against the wall, and that will give us lots of room in the middle. Here, take hold of this table,

Bob, and help me lift it over by the bu-

the Indian boys often did in the books he

reau." Soon a space was cleared and the sports began. Of course, they could not have any runs, but they jumped all kinds of jumps and they substituted what Carroll called "stunts" for the runs. One of these consisted in sticking a pin upright in the car-pet, moving off three of your own foot lengths from it, and then standing there and trying to kick it over without losing your balance. It sounded quite easy, but it was not as easy as it sounded. After they had all tried vainly over and over again Peggy at last succeeded in touching it with the tip of her shoe and moving it the least little bit. She claimed the victory, as none of the others had even done that

much. In the jumps Carroll won most of the high and Billy the broad. They used a jumping rope for the high jumps. Poor Bob did not seem able to win anything He was too fat and slow, but he took his defeats good-naturedly and enjoyed the laugh as much as anybody when he turned a complete somersault in a vain endeavor to get the top of his head and both hands and feet all at once on a handkerchief spread out on the floor.

The lunch bell surprised them before the novelty of their new game had worn off, and Carroll was amazed to find that the gloomy morning should have passed so Mrs. Mason was invited to be a spectator

at the afternoon session, for Carroll informed her that there were several impor-tant events to come off. For a little while she watched their antics with much amuse ment, then having some letters to write she went away.
"Don't get into any mischief," she called

back to them as she left the room.
"No, we won't," came from all the children at once, and each one really had the fullest intention of keeping his word, but, dear me, how can you expect a boy or a girl to remember such tiresome things more outside things will go wrong doesn't that

(To be continued next Saturday.)



David Rivers, esq. They captured it in fair and square war, but I guess you don't know about it, and will catch cold in your know about it, and will catch cold in your (Contributed by a reader of the page, who head. We also apologize most humbly for shall send address for August prize link.)

DISCOVERING SILE WORMS.

More than two thousand years before Christ was born there reigned in China an emperor named Hoangti. If tradition tells us truly, he must have had a troublesome time with his subjects, for there were no manufactories or mills to give employment to the many who were forced to work, and I doubt not in those days, as in these, "Salan was finding some mischief still for idle hands to do," and, therefore, Hoangti's empire must have required sharp looking after to keep all those unemployed hands out of mischief. If he only could find means whereby all the hungry could be fed, and work be given to the countless numbers who were suffering and in want, he would have been content, but as often as he thought and planned he found nothing to answer the demands, and he grew very un-"No, certainly I wasn't. What was there happy, until his wife, Silinchi, tried what her woman's wit could devise to lighten the trouble

One day, as she was walking in the gar-

dens of the palace, she noticed in a mul-berry leaf a tiny worm spinning its cocont. Curiosity led her to watch the movements of the little creature until it had finished winding itself in its fine silken web; the thought never occurred to the empress that it was of the greatest value. While she watched with growing interest, she discove ered that such delicate spinning was far more beautiful than any machine could produce, and she wished she might wear no one else could copy, and all the world must look with admiration when she pass-ed by. So she learned the manner of wind-ing off the silk and weaving it, and studied thair ways and how waying it, and studied their ways, and how to rear them, that she might have a supply constantly on hand. At last she unfolded her knowledge to the emperor, who was overjoyed at finding not only employment for his workmen, but amusement for himself, and so important was the discovery that the exportation of a single egg was punished with death. But a single egg was punished with death. But once two monks of the order of St. Bazil penetrated, in their missionary labors, as far as China, and also became skilled in the art of silk weaving. Knowing that upon leaving their persons would be examined as well as their goods they each carried as well as their goods, they each carried a bamboo cane in which were concealed many eggs, and, taking them into Constantinople, they introduced the culture of the silk worm into Europe, where nurseries and manufactories were soon established and now produce a material that may be regarded as a necessity; a luxury it can no longer be called, as the poorest can afford to buy a bit of ribbon, if nothing more.

It takes 8,000 cocoons to make one dress. These little creatures are fed with the leaves of the mulberry tree cut in pieces and are so voracious that they require to be fed eight times a day, but they are such workers, it is necessary, that they may spin 2,000 feet in one cocoon, and this is so delicate that 2,000 cocoons weigh only four pounds.

## How to Make Lemon and Peppermint Drops.

Take of dry granulated sugar a convenient quantity, place it in a saucepan having a lip from which the contents may be poured or dropped. Add a very little water, just enough to make with the sugar a stiff paste; two ounces of water to a pound of sugar is about the right proportion. Set it over the fire and allow it to nearly boil, keeping it continually stirred. It must not actually come to a full boll, but must be removed from the fire just as soon as the bubbles denoting that the boiling point is reached begin to rise. Allow the sirup to cool a little, stirring all the time; add strong essence of peppermint or lemon to suit the taste, and drop on tins or sheets of smooth, white paper. The dropping is performed by tilting the vessel slightly, so that the contents will run out, and with a small piece of stiff wire the drops may be stroked off on to the tins or paper. They should be kept in a warm place for a few hours to dry. In the season of fruits, delicious drop may be made by substituting the juice of fresh fruits, as strawberry, raspberry, lemon, pineapple or banana, or any of these essences may be used.



NUMERICAL ENIGMA. I am composed of sixteen letters. My 11, 7, 5, 6 is a weapon. My 15, 13, 1 is a space of ground. 16, 2, 3 is feminine. My 10, 12, 8, 4 is a vessel. My 9, 14 is an abbreviation.

My whole is a great institution. HOUR GLASS. 1. A boy's name. A boy's name. 3. A girl's name. 5. A boy's name 7. A boy's name.

WORD SQUARE. 1. A word used in astronomy. 2. Duration. A boy's name 4. Repose.

> DOUBLE ACROSTIC The center of fashion; Of commerce, the mart; The sculptor's work bearing; Of noble birth boasting; Whose story more mournful? Of tongues the most musical; Fates, muses, graces.

My first is in carpet, but not in rug; My second in fish, but not in bug; third is in fry, but not in bake; fourth is in itch, but not in ache; fifth in come, but not in sent; sixth is in take, but not in lent; whole is a very large continent

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. am composed of fifteen letters. My 7, 3, 12 is a color. My 15, 11, 12, 8 is loqu 15, 11, 12, 8 is loquacious. My 2. 9. 1 is a small building 4, 6, 5, 13, 14 is a rich cloth. whole is a well-known and beautiful



NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Crosby Noyes.

PIED RIVERS. Potomac. Hudson. Kennebec. Savannah. Rio Grande. WORD SQUARE STAR TALE

> ALOE REED BEHEADINGS.

Break-reak.

DIAMOND PUZZLE. V LEG-

QUIETLY VENEZUELA EXCUSES ALE ENIGMA.

LADDER.